

cated the rights of his country like a man, he would not now have Ex-President attached to his name.— His pusillanimous policy with regard to Mackenzie, lost him hundreds of votes in the State of New York and elsewhere; and his whole course in relation to British aggression was shameful to the last degree.

If we say this of the last administration, how shall we find language to express our burning indignation at the disgraceful spectacle exhibited to the world by the present "coon skin" Cabinet—with Daniel Webster at its head? Ship after ship has been unlawfully seized, detained, overhauled, upon the high seas by British vessels, and no shadow of protest or remonstrance have we heard; the American citizens who were patriots enough to join their Canadian brethren in striking a blow for liberty, were hung up like dogs, or sent to die by piece-meal in the vilest holes upon earth, British prisons; and not a lip is heard in their behalf from any quarter. Even the beggarly press lifts up no word of rebuke or petition on their account.

Reverse the picture—a scoundrelly British outlaw, accompanied by a ferocious gang of half-civilized bandits, crosses over to our own shore, and moistens our borders with American blood; burn, ravage, destroy; return and boast of their patriotic deeds, in murdering the defenceless in sleep and in cold blood. One of them is taken—what then? Does the whole land clamor with one voice for justice and vengeance upon the cowardly miscreant? No!—The American (?) press teems with columns of sympathy; American (?) legislators overflow with eloquence in framing apologies for the damning deed; the highest prosecuting Attorney in the Nation, together with an American General, are straightway despatched, "by authority" to see that no harm come to the mid-night murderer; the Supreme Court of a sovereign State, the Empire State par excellence,—disgrace and degrade their office so far as to hear an argument upon the writ of habeas corpus, by which this fellow, McLeod, was brought before that tribunal. Had they not the indictment of the grand jury—and was not that sufficient reason why McLeod was detained in prison?

"The world has never witnessed such a scene of national degradation. To such an extent has this grovelling puppyism been carried by a portion of the American (?) press, that they have openly declared that the murderer, McLeod, will be set at liberty even if tried and found guilty! Can we sink deeper in disgrace—can we find a lower point of infamous degradation?"

MCLEOD.

Remarks of Mr. Browne in the House of Representatives, on the resolutions touching the case of McLeod. He said that, "he would confine himself to the merits of the resolution under consideration.— He should have been glad of the opportunity for the discussion of many important questions connected with this matter, but, instead of entering into any argument on constitutional or international law, he was under the necessity of glancing at some other of the main questions connected with this subject. He should have been contented, notwithstanding his residence in a State which naturally felt deeply interested on this subject, after the full examination which had been given to the question in the other branch of the Legislature, if it were now for the extraordinary views taken by two of his colleagues. After their extraordinary course, after the sentiments they had put forth on that floor he felt that it would be worse than treason for him to remain silent. Worse than treason would it be if he did not lift up his voice in defence of his calumniated constituents. They had heard a portion of the constituents of the Empire State denounced as "lawless banditti," they had heard them accused of seeking a controversy with England for conquest, for the desire of possessing a portion of her territory. They had heard the doctrines laid down in Mr. Webster's letter openly advocated and defended, and in addition, they had been told that the citizens of the Empire State were satisfied, that they acquiesced in the decision, and it was of that slander he complained; he felt bound to complain that his fellow citizens had been traduced, her sovereignty invaded, her rights trampled under foot, and he rose there to say, once for all, that New York never would, never could consent to YIELD to the Secretary of State any control over the trial of Alexander McLeod or his punishment. He would ask what facts had originated this controversy? Why, in Canada, a colonial government, subject to the crown of Great Britain, was in a state infinitely worse than this country itself when as colonies they deemed it expedient to make the immortal declaration of independence, and free themselves from the yoke of bondage and oppression. The same spirit that had warmed the bosom of their revolutionary fathers was stirring within them; and what, he asked, was to be expected from American citizens, particularly those of the continental country? Could they sit down in apathy? The spark had flown across the Niagara; the citizens of the border were animated with a common sympathy, and so far from their being lawless banditti, he told them that it was the spirit of '76, the unalterable, ineradicable love of liberty, the spirit

of freedom deeply implanted in every American heart. Instead of piracy, it was an emanation from the Almighty, the same fire which had created the ten colonies into the now free and independent States of America. But he would come to the more immediate correspondence as to which some information was sought by the resolution before the House. He then recapitulated the circumstances connected with the burning of the Caroline; and continued: yet his colleague had called this a piratical vessel, and had read to the House as proof the letter of Sir. Allan McNab, the very man, admitted on all hands, to be the author of this blood and mischief, this infamous contamination of their soil; he was the witness brought forward by his colleague.

Mr. FILLMORE enquired to whom Mr. Browne referred.

Mr. Browne said he could not be interrupted, for at the expiration of 60 minutes he would be gagged. He referred to his colleague (Mr. Hunt.)

Mr. FILLMORE said he was not in his place.

Mr. Browne knew very well what he was about. His colleague had read the letter to show that the vessel was sailing under false colors, and engaged in carrying troops to Navy Island. He would produce the evidence of American citizens, not, he supposed, admissible in the opinion of the counsel for the crown, but worthy of all credit, he trusted, on the floor of an American Congress.—He would read from the evidence collected under the authority of the government. He (Mr. Browne) then read copious extracts from the printed evidence, especially as to the occupation of the Caroline, commencing from the 29th December, and continued. At midnight, thirty-three of their citizens, without arms and ammunition, under the sacred sanction of the American flag, beneath the sable curtain of night, had retired to their beds to sleep—the sleep of death. At the time of midnight, the British troops had placed their polluted feet on American soil, murdered American citizens in cold blood, towed out the boat into the current, set it on fire, with a presumption that human life was on board—the red glare of the fire was reflected in the heavens, crimsoned with the blood of their fellow countrymen. The vessel is sent over the falls, lost in the roar of the torrent. Yet this conduct, if it was not justified, was at least palliated. He called on the men of Schenectady and Saratoga, to hear their representative tell them that these men were pirates and lawless banditti. That gentleman (Mr. Lynn) had expressed his willingness to vote for the resolution *sub silentio*, but the difficulty was, that Mr. Webster had been attacked and therefore he had withdrawn his support from this resolution. It was not that he loved his country and its interest less, but he loved Daniel Webster more. He (Mr. Browne) was opposed to war, he had been brought up after the manner of the strictest sect of the people, called Quakers; but he loved his country's honor, and was not willing to see it degraded in abject servility at the foot of British power, and especially when it was brought to that situation by the American secretary. He then defended the course of the late administration in reference to this subject and expressed his conviction that if McLeod was found guilty, he would be hung on the blood-stained spot where his victim fell; but he charged that the American Secretary at the bidding of British power, had sent the Attorney General, not to aid the State or advise with the State Government, but accompanied with the bravest of the brave, whose head was whitened in glory, to interfere in the proceedings of the courts, to advise and assist a felon. He approved of the course pursued by the Governor of New York in this matter; it was almost the only act of his political life that he approved, but there seemed a mystery in his non-interference; he should have sent the Attorney General back. He laid no great claim to be a profound lawyer, but he looked in vain to find authority to take this matter out of the courts of New York, and bring it before the Supreme Court of the United States. But while negotiation was pending between the two countries' an American Secretary of State sits down and tamely surrenders the point at issue. This servile cringing to British powers had put the United States in a position where she must be disgraced in the eyes of the civilized world, or she must declare war. Great Britain before would have had to declare war herself, but now the United States must declare war or submit to insult. They might have hung fifty McLeods before England would have declared war against the American Republic, for she only fights with puny Chinamen and miserable Hindoos. He now asked the Congress to take measures to wipe out the stain and remove the stigma that had been fixed upon the nation by this shameful crouching. New York never could, never would submit to such dictation, nor will the people of the United States sanction the letter from Mr. Webster to Mr. Fox, or his instructions to the Attorney General, Mr. Crittenden. The high bird of liberty must cease to scream through the air, and the stars of glory must be blotted out before the sons of the Empire State will submit to such indignity.

In consequence of not receiving our manuscript we are obliged to postpone the publication of the History of Canada.

WEALTH.

There is a melancholy truth contained in the following lines which it would be well for those who are grasping for riches, to examine.

"What misery and wretchedness, what vice and undying shame men do bring upon themselves for the sake of money, which, when possessed, carries no genuine pleasure with it. The homely fare of the mechanic and husbandman, enjoyed in the midst of a happy household, is eaten with a truer, deeper feeling of pleasure, than ever attends the gorgeous feasting and revellings of the great and wealthy. There never was a greater error than that which attaches the idea of happiness, true, satisfying pleasure, to the possession of money. If those who so think will but turn their eyes among those who are known to be wealthy, and ask if they are happy, the answer will not be slow in coming. Money is not the fountain of joy which the world counts it to be.—*Richmond Star.*"

We cut the following lines from the *Franklin Gazette*, and as we think they are worthy of perusal by many of the young men of our country, we shall lay them before our readers.

We see hundreds of young men sauntering through our streets who have been, by the mis-judged policy of their parents, cast into the world with pride in their hearts, folly in their heads and nothing in their pockets, who cannot stoop to work, and yet are almost compelled to beg. Were they industrious mechanics, they might become serviceable to themselves and respectable members of the community, instead of being excrescences which hang upon but to disgrace society. It is truly lamentable that this folly is so prevalent.

We think so too, brother typo.

The New York Herald, in noticing the decision of the Supreme Court of New York relative to the detention of McLeod, expresses an opinion that the British Minister will now demand his passports and go home, and that the next we shall hear from the John Bulls they will be pelting away at our sea-ports. In this belief we must disagree with the Herald. The decision referred to does not alter the case in a national point of view. It does not place McLeod any more in durance than he has been ever since he was first taken into custody. If his detention is illegal and contrary to the law of nations, it is not more so than it was six months ago. Besides, we know not what right the British Minister has to take cognizance of the doings of our State Courts. His business is to appeal to the United States government for redress whenever he supposes a wrong has been committed against the sovereignty of Great Britain; and when redress is refused there, he may, or may not, demand his passports.

The matter is now settled that McLeod must have his trial, and must abide the justice of our laws. We see no way to avoid this, without sacrificing national honor and yielding to the arrogant pretensions of Mother Britain. The Grand Jury have found a true bill, and the Court has asserted its jurisdiction. There is therefore no way to forego a trial, except by a rescue or escape of the prisoner, or a direct breaking up of the judicial power of a State. The better way therefore, is for Great Britain to "bide her time;" to wait patiently until her darling subject has taken his chance with our laws, and after he is acquitted to make the most of him. All the dust she kicks up about it will only injure her own eyes—bedim her own vision—blind her own judgement—and mortify her own pride.—*B. F. Gaz.*

NAVAL.—The U. S. ship Delaware, now laying at Norfolk, under the command of Com. Morris, fitted out for the Mediterranean flag ship, has been suddenly ordered to change her destination, and proceed to Brazil, to protect our West India commerce, in the event of any disturbance with England. It is rumored that a sloop of war is to be immediately fitted out, to carry Capt. Morgan to the Mediterranean, who will hoist his broad pennant on board the Brandywine, and take command of the Mediterranean squadron. This has been rendered necessary, in consequence of changing the destination of Com. Morris and the Delaware.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The way the *Canada Times* walks into the Big toyes is a caution to 'um no mistake, just hear it once.

"The despatch of Lord John Russell, sent down by the Governor General to the House of Assembly,—is one of the most remarkable combinations of "soft soap" we ever beheld. We shall pay particular attention to it in our next number. Our belief is that the document was concocted by Lord Sydenham himself,—and a more ridiculous State paper never issued from the cabinet of any civilized nation. Such puffing and promises will never answer a good purpose on this continent. The people have had the scales removed from their eyes, and begin to recover from the optical delusions which have heretofore misled them."

CANADA.—Extract of a private letter from a lady in Canada:

"There has been a great meeting in Quebec for the purpose of adopting a petition to the Queen praying the liberation of the political convicts in Van Dieman's Land, and the proclamation of a general amnesty for all political exiles.—Great excitement too among the ladies here, (radicals of course.) They are calling meetings in various parishes—St. Marc St. Pie, St. Censire, and many other places, and adopting resolutions against purchasing or wearing goods of British manufacture. They now appear on all public occasions in dresses either of their own manufacture or that of the United States. This is as it should be. It is a pity they could not inspire the men with a share of their patriotism. It is a safe & certain way of revolutionizing the country."

CHRONICLES OF THE SMUT-MILL BOOK OF VALENTINE!

Chapter 4th

- 1 Now it came to pass that, towards evening, the centurion went forth to walk by the river side.
- 2 And behold as he went on his way, he beheld the fugitive prisoner afar off sitting in the grove.
- 3 And the centurion, when he saw the prisoner, stood and cried with a loud voice unto him, and commanded him to come forth (for he was sore afraid of the prisoner)
- 4 And when the prisoner saw that the centurion was afraid, he came forth to meet him.
- 5 And when he had come forth, the centurion, with fear and trembling, took him by the collar and led him unto the Inn.
- 6 Now when he had brought him into the Inn, he was exceedingly rejoiced because he had found the prisoner.
- 7 And he increased in stature, and no man could come unto him.
- 8 And he commanded a carriage to be brought that he might take the prisoner to prison forthwith.
- 9 And when the carriage was ready the centurion laid hold on the prisoner (for he was not alone) and bound him fast and carried him off to prison.
- 10 And he told unto the jailor the wonderful escape of the prisoner, and how he had pursued him and brought him back.
- 11 And the jailor, being advised by the centurion, took the prisoner and cast him into the inner prison and made fast the doors lest he should again escape.
- 12 Now there was confined in the inner prison, a Negro who had set fire to the Inn wherein dwelt strangers.
- 13 And when the Negro saw the stranger thrust into his apartment he was wroth and laid hold on him and would have done him harm.
- 14 But the Jailor who was also captain over the centurion, being moved with compassion, went and took the white prisoner out of the Negro's dungeon and put him into the upper room with his companion the captain.
- 15 ¶ Now when the appointed day was come, behold Valentine clothed himself in the robes of state, and commanded the prisoners to be brought before him.

16 And when the people saw that the court was set, they gathered themselves together to hear the matter.

17 And the prisoners were brought before Valentine for examination.

18 Then the Governor's counsel arose and said unto Valentine,

19 For inasmuch most noble Valentine as it hath pleased the law-givers of the people to make thee a minister of the law, it behooveth thee to judge rightly in the matter lest great expense come upon the people and our whole tribe be made to suffer.

20 And he declared unto Valentine how that he had sent forth the centurion for to procure a witness but as he had failed there was no evidence against the prisoners, we must therefore let them go.

21 So when Valentine saw that they could not be bound over on this charge they were acquitted.

22 Then the Governor's counsel said unto Valentine, there is yet an heinous offence whereof these men stand charged.

23 Whereupon the prisoners' counsel demanded the authority by which they held the prisoners to trial,

24 Then arose the Hanger-on, who with great swelling words declared that they were detained according to law.

25 But the counsel of the prisoners, liking the authority of the Governor's assistant counsel, demanded the papers.

26 And they brought forward a warrant so patched and amended by Valentine and the centurion, that it was null and void.

27 But the Governor's counsel declared it to be according to the decree of the Elders of the tribe, so Valentine pronounced it good.

28 Now when the counsel for the prisoners saw that Valentine was ignorant of the law, they plead for a jury.

29 And Valentine was about to grant their request, when the Governor's counsel rose in anger and declared unto Valentine that he would not submit to such foolery.

30 Then Valentine was afraid to grant the jury.

31 So the examination was continued.

32 So the Governor's counsel called on the centurion and the waterman to testify.

33 And the centurion told unto Valentine the whole matter even from the beginning.

34 And behold as he related his wonderful doings, the people shouted for they all knew the centurion to be a mighty man, both in words and deeds.

35 And they laughed at his exploits and he sat down.

36 Now when Thomas the waterman was called upon to testify, he knew not what to say for the centurion had told all.

37 And he stood before Valentine as speechless as the beast upon which Balam of old rode.

38 But at length his speech came and he opened his mouth and declared that since the days of old there had been no such mighty wonders wrought in all the city of Valentine—no nor in all the dominions of Silas.

39 And the people were all so wined, as they said one to another, of a truth Thomas and the Centurion were truly frightened but in no wise were they injured by the prisoners.

40 But the Governor's counsel arose & laying aside his quid spake after this manner,

41 Most noble Valentine, we beseech thee to hear us patiently in this matter & not let the prisoners escape without punishment for their offence is exceedingly grievous.

42 They have not fought the centurion, but they have frightened him away—yet they resisted not yet the centurion fled for fear,—therefore must these men be punished.

43 And he commanded Valentine to bind them over to the tribunal of the Judges.

44 But Valentine not having any mind of his own, went unto the Lawyer, his adversary to enquire what the bonds should be.

45 So the Lawyer, wishing to make Valentine a laughing-stock for the people, told him to make their bonds five hundred dollars, or he was no friend to Silas.

46 So Valentine returned and declared his verdict—and the people laughed him to scorn.

47 Now when Valentine saw that the people laughed at his decision, his constance was fallen.

48 And even the Governor's counsel was ashamed of the verdict of Valentine.

49 And he told him to lessen the bonds, for he only wished to "save the skin harmless," so Valentine did as he was told, and thus the matter ended for the present.

50 And Valentine gathered up his robes and departed unto his own dwelling for he was ashamed in the presence of the people.

LOOK HERE!

All those who have neglected to pay for the *North American* up to this time, must "fork over the needful" before the end of the present Volume, if they wish to save cost, as all who do not comply with this requisition, will hear from us by Attorney—No mistake! What say you? Send along that "skin plaster" wont you?

TO ALL CONCERNED

The Books of the late Firm of Ballou & Wells may be found with F. V. Goodrich who is authorized to settle the same:—and on all demands that are now due, immediate payment is expected.

Swanton Falls, July 9th 1843.